CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

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SUNDRIES

Most of us enjoy interesting incidents about current celebrities. There is one about James Whitcomb Riley's trip to Europe. At the inevitable concert on the steamer Riley was down for his humorous readings and he was introduced to the audience as the Hoosier poet. At the breakfast table the next morning two Englishmen were overheard discussing him. From his name they concluded he was an Irishman, and from a word used in his introduction they decided he must be in the hosiery trade. But that's not the story I started to tell. It reminds me of one of Riley's told at an eastern town in which the writer formerly lived. The poet gave an evening of his characteristic readings, a mingling of humor and pathos, and after the entertainment he took part in a banquet which the leading young men got up in his honor. Of course it was a season of story telling. Riley enlivened the feast with several amusing yarns and finally announced one appropriate to Decoration Day which was drawing near.

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The Hoosier rhymster was in Indianapolis one memorial day, and on his way to the cemetery overtook an old farmer. They struck up an acquaintance, and the farmer explained why he always came to Indianapolis on Decoration day. He had a boy who wanted to go into the army. The parents refused to let him go, but the boy finally ran away from home and enlisted. He made a good soldier, but was fatally wounded in battle. When it became certain he would die the father was sent for, and their part was one of the sad scenes so numerous at that time. The son begged his father's forgiveness and sent a tender message to his mother. He asked to be buried in the city instead of the country, so that he might lie near his comrades. If you have ever heard Riley and noted his inimitable mimicry you can imagine how effective he made the story. He assumed the farmer's tone, but probably amplified the old man's story in dwelling on the young soldiers patriotic fervor and heroic death. He filled the narration with a pathos that drew a suspicious moisture to every eye about the table and brought out several handkerchiefs to smother involuntary snuffles. It was an affecting story up to this point and the sympathies of the listeners had responded to the story teller's art. Just before dying the soldier boy asked his father to care for his grave and see that it was kept green. "An' by gosh!" concluded the old farmer with earnest emphasis, "I'm goin' ter do it if I have ter paint it!" Imagine the magical change at that banquet board.

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Riley, very unfortunately, has a bump of conviviality that gets away with him occasionally and that is said to have been the cause of Bill Nye's separation from him in their platform business. At this banquet, however, the poet refused to touch wine, and in explanation he said that when he drank liquor he made a business of it.

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Among other stories told by the western genius was one of his playing the role of a blind painter. When a young man he was a sign painter, and he once started on a tour of Indiana with one other Bohemian. On striking a town Riley was led about among the business places by his companion, who represented him to be blind and yet able to paint signs. After picking up such orders as they could—many, no doubt, given purely out of sympathy—they retired to some convenient building and Riley finished the signs. No doubt the word painter did good work for his patrons.

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It makes a difference. A generation ago Grover Cleveland's father was a struggling Presbyterian minister in New Jersey and when another youngster was added to his family the news was not sent out by telegraph, and it is quite possible that even the local paper neglected to mention the event. The minister's son was presented with a daughter the other day, and presto change! The news of her arrival was wired all over the country. It was an event and was made the subject of endless newspaper comment. The New York papers gave up column after column to it. They reviewed the life of the ex-president and his wife for the past six months, exposed Mrs. Cleveland's hopes, gave a diagnosis of the weather with a schedule of the number of hours she was permitted to sit on the front "stoop," described the Cleveland home down to the color of the door mat and embalmed the blonde mustache of the butler in imperishable history. The reading public had a sketch in black and white of Mr. Cleveland's fears and the doctor's air of mystery. A score of politicians united in a symposium of comment from which it may be inferred that the new arrival was a political event. Then there was an account of papa and mama's courtship and wedding, including the inevitable bridal trousseau. And so on ad nauseum. There is one happy reflection in all this. The readers were inflicted with those old chestnuts, the pictures of the father and the mother, but none of them attempted a portrait of the infant. One may be inclined to deplore the decadence of enterprise in the American press, but we will survive it this once.

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Who said there was no sentiment in politics? When the republicans of New York nominated Mr. J. Sloat Fassett for governor he turned to his wife and kissed her, and the party organs are booming their candidate on the strength of that kiss. In the eternal fitness of things why shouldn't a good husband make a good governor? And now the Ohio democrats are trying to work the same racket on their candidate. Mr. Campbell came home from a campaign tour the other day and his wife met him at the depot. She greeted him with a kiss—"right before the whole crowd," the telegraph assures us—and the democratic press are making the most of it. Thus are the waste places of sordid everyday political strife beautified with little bouquetlets of sentimental gush. Don't misunderstand. There can be no particular objection to the display of affection between husband and wife, but this thing of using it as campaign flubdub is the sickening part of the affair.

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Umbrellas and their vanishing abilities were the subject of conversation the other day, when one of the group offered this bit of curious information: "Do you know there are fellows in New York city who make a business of picking up lost umbrellas and parasols? They got onto these fellows in the cars running across the Brooklyn bridge. The articles left in the cars will average about three a day, and it is an odd thing that umbrellas and parasols are the most numerous of all the forgotten articles. Several sneaks made a business of riding across the bridge at frequent intervals and watching for a chance to swipe lost things, and probably to steal others. One of them made a specialty of rain and sun shades. The trainmen have been watching the thing lately, and they have arranged the majority of the people into three classes. They are strangers who are absorbed in seeing the sights, married women, and gentlemen accompanied by "jags."

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After all, perhaps they have a better way across the water of doing some things. For example, just recall the number of embarrassments you have suffered in hunting up a hostess at a large social gathering to pay your respects before leaving. Think of your awkwardness in trying to frame some new remark to express your obligation, though you generally ring in "delightful evening," "very, very enjoyable time". And then, when the hostess has been assisted by half a dozen relatives in receiving and they all expect a parting platitude—ye gods! what an insufferable tyranny society puts upon us. Thanks to good sense—and an English example—the graceful old world fashion of making a quiet exit is coming into style in this country. When it prevails we shall assume that all guests have found pleasure in their entertainment, and if they have not it will not be necessary to tell their hosts a miserable lie. At any rate, a guest will appreciate a host's kindness and be sensibility of a social obligation quite as fully as though he shook hands with his entertainer before leaving, made a blundering attempt to thank his host only to throw that party into confusion and then backed awkwardly into a hall hat rack before making his escape.

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One of these days society will teach us how to say goodbye without making it an ordeal of misery, and, it is to be hoped it will also tell mankind when not to say goodbye. My friend Quiz was going away recently on a short pleasure trip, and one of the papers happened to make a mention of it before he got away. All that day was a nightmare to his sensitive soul. The inquiries and well wishes of friends may be pardonable, but it did seem as though every casual acquaintance of his turned up that day, and every last fellow seemed to think it his duty to bid him goodbye These men had read the newspaper item, which told where Quiz was going, but every last one of them made him tell it over again. Then they wanted to know how long he was to be gone, whether on business or pleasure and by what routes he would travel. Now, most of those casual acquaintances had no interest in his movements, but they all went through a stereotyped form from force of habit. After going through this catechism they advanced, grasped the prospective traveler's hand and—almost without exception—wished him a pleasant journey. Having gone through with this formula they assumed the air of men who had discharged a duty, turned to their work and banished Quiz from mind.

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There were a few exceptions. An inkling of the absurdity of this performance had creeped into the noddles of several men, but the force of habit was strong, and so they compromised. When it reached the hand-shaking, I-wish-you-a-pleasant trip stage of the preceeding these men dodged. They asked what train Quiz would take. On being answered ended the farce with the remark, "Well, I'll see you again," and walked off about their own business as though they had relieved their consciences. Now, what is there in human nature, in American human nature, that makes us act as though it were and imperative duty to bid a formal adieu to the most casual acquaintance about to make a journey? It surely was not included in the primal curse, and society owes humanity a debt of reform in this matter.

No Danger.

Lady—Aren't you afraid, my boy, that if you play in the sun without your hat on you will get tanned?

Johnny—Nop. Pa ain't at home and ma's got rheumatism of the arm.—Truth.

SILURIAN

The opening article of the Century for October is the closing one of Mr. Kennan's series, and is entitled "My Last Days in Siberia." The promised article by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, on "Aerial Navigation" appears in this number, and considers particularly the question of the power required for aviation, The paper in the Gold-Hunting Series is entitled "Tarrying in Nicaragua," and is a record of the California trip in 1849, as told in the letters of the late Roger S. Baldwin, Jr., one of a party of Yale graduates who went to the Pacific by this route, In addition to the flavor of gold-seeking, it is an attractive account of the country itself: the text is illustrated, largely by drawings by Gilbert Gaul, made in Nicaragua. There is also a critical essay by Edmund Gosse on Rudyard Kipling which is in the nature of a review of his literary work in prose and verse. A portrait of Mr. Kipling is the frontispiece of the number. Apropos of Mr. Kennan's closing article, the editor prints a brief but significant extract from the preface of Mr. Kennan's forthcoming volume, by way of reply to certain criticisms of his papers in the Century.

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The element of timeliness is predominant in the first three articles in the October North American Review. The first of them (in two parts) deals with that most interesting question, "Can we make it rain?" An affirmative answer is furnished by General Robert G. Dyrenforth, who had charge of the recent rain-making experiments in Texas. The negative side is strongly put by Professor Simon Newcomb. The cause and progress of the civil war in Chile are described by Captain Jose Ma. Santa Cruz, late commander of the Chilian man-of-war "Huascar," who has been in this country as a representative of the now successful congressional party. A very effective answer to the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" which was discussed by four medical experts in the Review for September, is furnished by John F. Mines, LL. D. (Felix Oldboy), who depicts graphically his own cure of the disease of drunkenness by the bichloride-of-gold method of Dr. Keeley.

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Scribner's Magaline for October is led by the fourth article in the series on "Great Streets of the World." The illustrations for this article are by Ettore Tito, a Roman artist. There are also several very entertaining out-of-door articles—Archibald Rogers' adventures in 'Hunting American Big Game,' and with it Dr J. N. Hall's short paper on the "Actions of Wounded Animals," which sportsmen will find of very practical interest. The fiction of this issue includes a long and amusing instalment of "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne; a detective story, "Captain Black," by Charles E. Carryl; and a talk of the classic days of Greece and Rome by Dr. Ernst Schottky, a German resident of New York, who originally wrote this tale in his mother tongue. A paper on "Carlyle's Politics" as revealed in his essays—with poems and the Point of View—completes a strong number.

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A new feature of the Cosmopolitan, and one which is original with that magazine, is the publication each month, in the forms of feot notes, of a number of little portraits with brief biographies of the writers of the famous articles. An unusual magazine feature, and one which will be read with avidity by women who are curious regarding Turkish life, is an article on "Modern Women of Turkey," a beautiful description of oriental life by Osman Bey, a distinguished Turkish gentleman now visiting the United States. The most timely article of the number is a description of the New Desert Lake. The chief feature of the number however is an article on Cincinnati by the man who is most capable of preparing something interesting on that city—Murat Halstead—illustrated by sketches by Jacassy, who visited Cincinnati for that purpose.

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There are three articles in the Atlantic for October to which the reader will at once turn. First, to Oliver Wendell Holmes' tribute to James Russell Lowell, a poem touching alike for the public sentiment of grief that it expresses as well as for the personal note of sorrow at the loss of a friend and fellow-poet. The next article, Henry Stone's account of General Thomas. The third contribution which will command attention is the paper by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, on "Emily Dickinson's Letters". There are a number of other entertaining articles. "Mr. Howell's Literary Creed" furnishes the subject of a closing paper full of that clever criticism in which the Atlantic excels.

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The Magazine of American History for October forcibly illustrates how a leading monthly may become a public benefactor as well as an educator. "Hugh McCulloch on Daniel Webster," is an excerp of special interest. The longest article in the number is an able and scholarly study by Right Reverend M. F. Hawley. Then comes an entertaining contribution pertinent to the approaching World's Fair. Other attractive articles include "Napoleon Bonaparte and Peace with America," a charming paper by Emanuel Spencer, and "Good Things from Dr. Johnson," by Hon. S. H. M. Byers. The frontispiece this month is a magnificent picture of Bonaparte about the time he made peace with America.

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The Arena for October will delight thoughtful progressive and wide awake people, The frontispiece is a portrait of James Russel Lowell, taken from the latest photographs of the great poet. Geo. Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D., writes most ably and entertainingly of James Russell Lowell, this being the second of the Arena series of papers on American poets. Hamlin Garland has a profusely illustrated paper on the artistic work of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, and criticises at length Mr. Herne's most notable plays. The story of the month is very striking and deals with a timely subject, the Convict Lease system of Tennessee and is entitled "A Grain of Gold"; the author is Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.

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The October number of the favorite sporting magazine, Outing, is a gem of artistic skill and literary ability. The opening chapters of Wenona Gilman's new racing story, "Saddle and Sentiment," occupy the leading position, but from cover to cover the October number is full of interesting contributions by well-known writers. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the success of their latest effort.

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The Century has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley. They deal with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education, etc. Dr. Wheatley has gathered the materials for these papers in long and close study, and he has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

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One of the daintiest and prettiest art works received thus far this fall is the "Songs of the Sea" by Reynolds Beal. It is a large book, oblong form, showing artistic acquatic designs which for deft coloring and neatness in arrangement is beyond criticism. With but one verse, and occasionally too, a page is decorated with beautiful oceanic scenes—no two alike, each page showing different coloring from that of the forgoing. It is a most excellent work and will be in great demand for presentations, and more especially near the holidays. Price $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes company are the publishers, 182 Fifth avenue, N. Y. May be had at A. T. Leming & Co's.

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Mr. Richard Mansfield, the most promising, perhaps, of the younger school of American actors, is the subject of a brilliant sketch by John Barboy in Drake's Magazine for October. The article is illustrated with drawings, by F. C. Drake, of Mr. Mansfield in his best known characters. "An Innocent Chaperon" is a clever novelette in two parts, the first appearing in the current number. Chas. E. Dowe, a veteran "advance agent," writes entertainingly of the varied experiences of life "on the road". "Quacks," the well-known humorous department, is alone worth the price of the magazine, which is 10 cents a copy, or $1.00 a year. New York, 11 Frankfort Street.

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Solid and substantial, yet bright and sparkling as usual, is the September number of "Fashion and Fancy." The romantic and interesting Serial Story, "Mount Saint Michel," a tale of Old France, begun in this number, brings vividly before our minds one of the most picturesque periods of French history. "Letters of High State and Ceremony," is an article brimful of information, at once interesting and hard to find, while, as usual, the very important departments of "Fashion," "Household," "Fancy Work," "Society On Dits about Women," "Literary and Art Gossip," are thoroughly useful and practical. The Fashion Plates are simply superb.

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The new fashion journals published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are again on our table. The superiority of these journals is abundantly shown on every page. "La Mode" is the smallest of three, and is intended for family use. It has many styles for children, and is only $1.50 per year, or 15 cents per copy. "La Mode de Paris" is an elegant journal, filled with everything of the latest style in Paris. This is a great favorite with ladies who wish to keep posted in the new styles as they come out. "Album des Modes" is also a popular Parisian publication, many ladies giving it the preference It is replete with such styles as are patronized by the middle classes, its designs being neat and plain, yet all of the richest character. These three monthly journals claim to give the earliest fashions, and they are all printed in Paris. They contain lessons in practical dressmaking, which are of incomparable value and easy to understand. "La Mode de Paris" and the "Album des Modes" are each $3.50 per annum, or 35 cents for a single copy. Samples can be obtained from the house at single copy prices if there is any difficulty in obtaining them from newsdealers.

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Of the various dailies in the west that come to the COURIER'S exchange table none seem to prosper more than the St. Joseph *News*. It is a clean, readable, crispand newsy sheet, artistically gathered up, well arranged and chronicles the events of the day in a concise and breezy style Its telegram service is excellent while the local staff presents the days home doings extensively and in readable manner.

DRAMATIC

Spectacular productions, at least as we see them in this part of the country are almost always disappointing: hence the audience that assembled at the Funke Tuesday evening to witness Lewis Morrison's "Faust" were agreeably surprised. There have been few few finer spectacles seen in this city, and the drama itself was meritorious to a degree. Mr. Morrison was quite successful in his interpretation of the part of "Mephisto," and he was sustained by talent that raised the entertainment far above the commonplace. The mechanical effects, of which so much was expected, were very well done and the piece was smoothly presented. It is not strange that the audience was not larger, as Lincoln theatre goers are naturally suspicious of this kind of theatricals. Should Mr. Morrison bring his company here again he will receive better treatment.

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The thrill that goes through the audience during the third act of "Shenandoah" is very like patriotism. It is an inspiring play, and the person who can sit unmoved through the various highly wrought situations has but little of the "divine fire." It appeals alike to the patriotism and sympathy of the audience and we can readily understand how, upon its first production in New York city with a company of finished artists, magnificient scenery, an immense and highly cultured audience, including the most noted living American warriors, there arose a wave of patriotic feeling which swept over the whole of what has been called the most un-American city on this continent. Those who witnessed the third presentation of "Shenandoah" in Lincoln at the Funke Wednesday evening, saw but a faint semblence of its original self. The words were there; but everything else was changed. Still it was a successful performance, a performance that the large audience manifestly enjoyed. There were many new faces in the company. Percy Haswell's part of two years ago was done by Virginia Marlowe, and as the general's daughter, she was but little inferior to the first named young lady, who made such an impression here. Frank Dayton, M. D. Mann and Wm L. Gleason still appear in the parts of "Kerchival West" "Captain Heartsease" and "Sergeant Barket" respectively, and some of the other characters are in familiar hands. The company was far from strong; but the average was not unsatisfactory.

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Frank Daniels in "Little Puck" was the attraction at the Funke last evening. This play is too familiar to Lincoln people to need comment. It is always enjoyable, for Mr. Daniels is one of the most original comedians on the stage, and this year there are some new things in the old comedy. Still it is a relief to learn that he is preparing to give us a couple of fresh farces.

MONDAY EVENINGS ATTRACTION.

"The Old, Old Story," is booked at the Funkes, Monday evening, and our theatrical loving people will shortly have an opportunity of seeing a strong society comedy drama which, when presented in New York, met with a complete success. This play has been compared to "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Men and Women" and "The Henrietta," and is another proof that the tastes of the theatrical going people does not run, as has been too often said, to farce comedy and sensational plays. The success of "The Old, Old Story" and plays of its nature has been due to the cultivated tastes of a class of theatre goers, who, regardless of what has been written on the subject, are not yet extinct, and the reception that it has met with in the west is only one more proof that refined comedy is appreciated elsewhere than in the New England states only.

The New York *Sun*, in speaking of this play, said: "With such successes of the kind as "Men and Women," "The Henrietta," "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball" in mind for comparison, the judgment must be that these playwrights have made a successful achievement."

EMERSON-HAVERLY MINSTRELS.

Billy Emerson, the popular and mirth provoking minstrel king, supported by Jack Haverlys great minstrels will be the attraction at the Funkes Thursday evening in one of the most brilliant burnt cork and refined specialty programs ever given on the opera house stage. Mr Emerson, who in himself is a great drawing card has selected a company of artists in the various lines appertaining to a minstrel cast that is of sufficient attraction to draw the largest houses everywhere, the press of the country speaking of the new organization as being one of the best now before the public. The entertainment is chaste and refined, the musical numbers being of a high order, and the specialties all new and original with this company. It will be an evening of fun for all that attend.

MONOLOGUE EN COSTUME.

By the request of a large number of Lincoln's most prominent citizens, Mr. Florestan will give a dramatic impersonation at Lincoln hotel dining room Thursday evening at eight o'clock, where he will appear in Merchant of Venice as Shylock, in Hamlet as Hamlet, in Charles I as Charles. Mr. Florestan appeared last week in Omaha where he had the most prominent citizens of the metropolis as an audience and received their endorsement as an actor of more than ordinary ability. The *Bee* of October second, speaks of the entertainment in thoroughly meritorious terms. No doubt our citizens will enjoy a rich treat on Thursday night.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

H. Grattan Donnelly is writing a new play for J. M. Hill.

Steele Mackaye has written a play for Kate Claxton.

Langtry is to open the Fifth Avenue Theatre New York in January.

Marie Jansen's rumored engagement to young Bass, the English ale man, is said to be a joke invented by Eugene Field and has no foundation in fact.

W. H. Crane in "The Senator" is booked for Nov. 6th at the Funke.

Fanny Rice and "A Jolly Surprise," made a hit at Philadelphia last week.

Ovide Musin, the violinist, will arrive in New York from France, Oct. 10.

Nellie McHenry's season in the South has proven a great success in spite of warm weather.

Gilbert and Sullivan have buried the hatchet and are again colaborating on a new comic opera.

Public opinion in SanFrancisco seems to be gradually changing in favor of "Samuel of Posen" Curtis.

Geo. F. Marion will close his tour in "Mr. Macaroni" Oct. 31 and join the "Boys and Girls" Company.

Maggie Mitchell is to open her season Oct. 12 in a new play by C. T. Dazey called "The Little Maverick.

Gilbert and Collier's much talked of opera to be produced in London has been named "The Clockwork Man."

It has been concluded to hold the big Actor's Fund Benefit at the Garden Amphitheatre, New York, next May.

Harry Askin will take "The Tar and The Tartar" to London next season, for a six weeks run at the Princess Theatre.

Young J. K. Emmett is said to have made more money with "Fritz in Ireland" in the Northwest than his father ever made.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers returns to the stage soon and will appear as Queen Cynopia in Martin Hayden's drama by that name.

"Sinbad" opened to the capacity of the SanFrancisco Baldwin Theatre on Monday and made even a greater hit than did "The Crystal Slipper" last year.

Flora Moore of "A Wolf's Wedding" tripped down a pair of stairs at the Lee Avenue Academy in Brooklyn on Sunday and is under the doctor's care with a broken ankle.

The Dramatic Star of Seattle, Washington a bright and newsy sheet that takes care of theatrical affairs in the northwest, is a new visitor to this office, although a welcome one.

Mr. Robert Mantell's season has so far been phenomenally successful. He appeared at Buffalo last week and received a hearty, welcome from one of the most enthusiastic audiences he has ever played to.

Last week, the warmest week in September for fifteen years, is responsible for the breaking up of seventeen road companies, and the crippling of a great many more at present traveling on their trunks.

It is pleasant to know that Frank Daniels is rehearsing a couple of new plays. One of them he expects to bring out in a few weeks. "Little Puck" has stood him well in hand for several seasons; but its usefulness is now about exhausted.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall arrived in New York on Wednesday. They open at the N. Y. Star Theatre, Oct. 12, and hope to take back with them $100,000 good American dollars for use in Merrie Old England. "Still Waters Run Deep" is the only play that will be added to their repertoire.

The COURIER acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a handsomely engraved season ticket, good anywhere and for all companies and any performance of Will S. Cleveland's minstrels enterprise. It is a beautiful and expensive piece of work, but like his shows there is nothing too good for the great burnt-cork king to present.

With Francis Wilson at the Broadway, Lillian Russell at the Garden, the Casino offerings, Oscar Hammerstein's plans, Grand Opera at the Metropolitan opera house and the several promised incidental comic opera productions in the city this season, New York will not want for musical entertainment.—*Theatrical World.*

The New York *Thetrical World*, Joe Frankel's popular paper is now a regular visitor to the dramatic department of the COURIER sanctum. The *World* is comparatively a new paper, but is making the old timers hustle to get business, while Frankel is meeting with great success, as each succeeding issue plainly demonstrates.

An Old Adage Illustrated.

A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.
—Life.

Began With "A."

In London one evening, writes a correspondent, I was looking for the Alhambra. Not knowing exactly in which direction it was, I stopped to inquire of a passerby, when suddenly the name of the theater escaped me entirely.

The situation was awkward, but I said:

"Do you know where that large theater is near here—the name begins with 'A?'"

The man replied at once:

"Oh, you mean the 'Aymarket, sir."—Youth's Companion.